

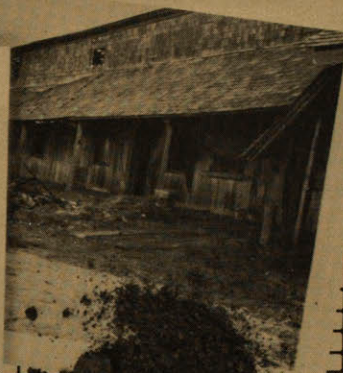
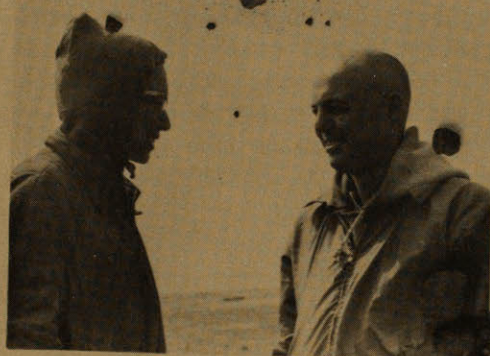


MUSEUM
ALLIANCE

QUARTERLY

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM / VOLUME 3 • NUMBER 4

AN ARCHEOLOGIST ON SAN MIGUEL ISLAND · A Stranger in Paradise · From Virginia and North Carolina to the Indian Territory · Fossil Hunters of the "Worselands" · You Wouldn't Believe It (Meet Miss Libow) · Spotlight





MEMBERSHIP

The Museum Alliance awaits the pleasure of greeting you as a new member if you are not now participating in our many and varied programs. Publications, films, family participation and children's programs, special events in and away from the Museum—all these are yours to enjoy . . . among others.

Privileges and Pleasures of Membership are:

1. A subscription to the *Museum Alliance* QUARTERLY
2. Invitations to the NEW DIMENSIONS TO DELIGHT series of family participation programs—not open to the public
3. Summer science excursions for children
4. The monthly CALENDAR OF EVENTS from the Los Angeles County Museum
5. 50% discount on tickets for the Science and History Lecture Series
6. 20% discount on most items at the Museum Bookshop
7. Announcement for the annual Film Circuit
8. Announcement for the annual Where-in-the-World travel series
9. Invitations to previews and receptions for the new exhibitions and to meet lecturers
10. Additional selected publications
11. Other bonus rewards

SPEAKERS BUREAU

Our Membership Committee has recently created a Speakers Bureau, staffed by Docent volunteers and others willing to speak to Service Organizations, civic groups, or clubs regarding the Museum and the Museum Alliance.

Occasionally this group is called upon to discuss topics outside its scope of knowledge, in addition to regular subjects. In order to better serve our community's needs we would like to be in

contact with a group of Alliance members willing and able to give short talks on their particular vocation or avocation which may have Museum orientation.

If your interest runs from Alpha particles to Zebras and you would like to share your enthusiasm with others, please call Mr. Douglas Macdonald at Madison 3-1471, so we may call upon you for an interview.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

The Fall class of the Docent Roundtable is now being formed. This program is in its fourth year and has proved to be popular and rewarding for the volunteers both while in training and in service.

Trainees are given the opportunity for group study of the exhibition galleries; personal research projects; laboratory and behind-the-scene tours; and curators give lectures in their field of work. This group offers the adult volunteer a rare chance for learning and service within the Museum.

Trained Docents participate in the

Museum work by conducting tours for visiting groups, assisting the Curators, and by taking an active part in the events presented by the Museum Alliance.

The class meets two mornings a month and continues through a social lunch hour. While the program is one of discovery and learning, it is also an opportunity to meet many interesting people.

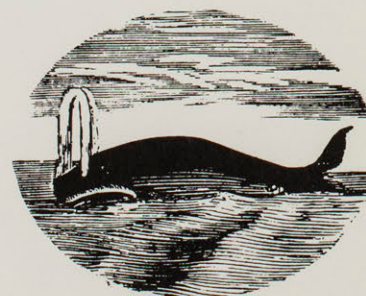
For further information and membership applications, please contact Mrs. Donald Allen, Chairman; 4645 Encino Ave., Encino. St. 8-0916.

WHALE WATCHING

Last year's record breaking attendance for any one event of the New Dimension to Delight series was matched with over 1300 again this year for the Grey Whale Charter Boat trips. We all owe Dr. Raymond Gilmore a hearty thanks for making these trips so enjoyable and informative for all of us.

Whale watchers of every age, size and

dimension made a journey to San Diego on three consecutive weekends in January for this exciting and eventful program for Museum Alliance members. Only one day of the six scheduled had to be cancelled because of bad weather conditions. Ticket holders for this one unfortunate date were able to go at any other time during the season.



Alliance whale watchers off San Diego aboard the Mission Queen

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QUARTERLY

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM / VOL. 3 · NO. 4

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The Los Angeles County Museum QUARTERLY is published for the MUSEUM ALLIANCE. Quarterly staff this issue: Lucille Libow (editor), Harry Pack, Teiji Ohara (art editors), Susan E. Barrett, Doris Hellman, Elizabeth S. Hunt, Katherine Jenney, Eleanor B. Lehner, (assistant editors). QUARTERLY Committee: Theodore Downs, Herbert Friedmann, Ruth I. Mahood, Gretchen Sibley, Fred S. Truxal, Robert Weinstein. Armando Solis (Museum Photographer), Mary Butler (Museum Illustrator).

As an archeologist interested in the aboriginal populations of California, I found the recent work on San Miguel Island an exciting opportunity to pursue scientific studies with challenges seldom met on mainland excavations.

A unique association with the expedition was offered by Dr. Charles Rozaire, Curator of Archeology, Los Angeles County Museum, when he asked me to direct his field laboratory on the island in the summer of 1964. The project was sponsored by the Museum Associates of the Los Angeles County Museum through a contract with the National Park Service. Its purpose was to make a thorough survey of the island's archeological resources, plot them on a master map, and eventually excavate some of those areas showing promise. The data derived from this field work will clarify the cultural and chronological picture of the indigenous inhabitants and their relationships to mainland groups of Indians.

In planning for this program I became interested in the varied and fascinating history of this small, wind-swept foggy, sandy waste with only low-growing, sparse vegetation. The island, slightly over eight miles in length and four miles in width, lies 43 miles southwest of Santa Barbara, and is the most westerly of the four northern Channel Islands. It is now uninhabited and owned by the U.S. Navy.

The first white man to visit San Miguel was Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who discovered it on October 18, 1542 and named it La Posesion. Cabrillo died on January 3, 1543 while wintering on the island and was presumably buried there near Cuyler Harbor. His remains have never been found.

The Spanish made many notes of the island's inhabitants, and their journals state that the Indians called their home Ciquimuymu. Three large villages were noted but only two named: Zaco and Nimollollo. Over the next 250 years

various explorers mentioned the island, and from time to time its name was changed. In 1792 from the Admiralty charts prepared by Vancouver, the English explorer, the name of San Miguel was finally confirmed.

San Miguel Island was inhabited by one of the Chumash groups whose range extended along the mainland from Malibu Canyon north to Estero Bay. Their remains have also been found on Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and Aanacapa Islands. The Spaniards regarded the Chumash highly and commented on their superior material, technological and economic development compared with other California Indians. Particularly noted was their beautiful work in shell ornamentation, their fine basketry, and their excellent plank canoes—symbol of their maritime efficiency. The friendliness and hospitality of the Chumash probably had much to do with Cabrillo's decision to winter among them on San Miguel Island.



An Archeologist on San Miguel Island

Freddie Curtis
Research Associate

The Indians continued to live on the island until the early part of the 19th century, when they were removed by the Spanish Fathers and scattered among the mainland missions.

From the mid-19th century until 1942 San Miguel was used as a sheep-grazing range. In 1850 George Nidever established himself there and built an adobe hut, the collapsing remains of which were photographed in a small canyon. The lease of the island passed through several hands until Robert L. Brooks procured its use from the Navy in 1916. In the late 1920's Herbert Lester came to San Miguel as ranch manager for Brooks. Lester, his wife and two daughters lived in a large ranch house built around 1900 and were content in their isolation. In 1942, fearful that the Navy would evict him, Lester shot himself. He was buried on Devil's Knoll overlooking Cuyler Harbor. His wife and children left, and the island was never inhabited again, except sporadically by

Navy personnel.

Collection of aboriginal artifacts has been going on since the white man first took possession. The sheep-raisers, casual visitors, knowledgeable pot-hunters and others found ample material as they were constantly exposed on the surface by strong winds. The first recorded archeological expedition was financed by the Smithsonian Institution in 1875; it was led by Paul Schumacher. In four days he excavated a cemetery with about 250 burials. He left because he found the sand, wind, and weather too inhospitable for work.

Intermittent excavations were later made by several enthusiastic collectors, but no reports of their efforts or findings have been written. The next official excavation was sponsored by the Heye Foundation, Museum of the American Indian, New York, in 1919. During a six month period they uncovered 343 burials and thousands of beads, ornaments, stone and bone tools. These have



been described and pictured in a Heye Foundation monograph.

What then is left? Constant wind erosion hastened by over-grazing, extended and often unscientific collecting in the past, and continued illegal pot-hunting in the present have not, fortunately, exhausted all the island's archeological potential. Under Dr. Rozaire's guidance, the Museum survey crew has recorded over 100 concentrations of cultural debris, as well as several possible village and camp sites. During the month spent on the island our excavation crew dug in a small, undisturbed village site and the work is now nearing completion.

The crew numbered as high as 30 during the last two weeks of the expedition. The largest individual contingent was composed of college students training for careers in anthropology. Several of the students were from the University of California at Los Angeles; others came from as widely separated institutions of learning as Yale, the University of Southern California, the University of Wisconsin, Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, the University of California at Berkeley, and numerous State Colleges in the Southern California area. Interested volunteers were recruited from local archeological societies, Museum Alliance members, and students in the life sciences. A surveyor, 2 trained photographers, a map-maker and 2 cooks were also part of the regular crew.

The logistics of manning an expedition to San Miguel Island were extremely complicated. As the island had no resources, all personal gear, food, water, scientific equipment, etc. had to either be flown in or come the long way by boat to Cuyler Harbor. Only occasionally was it necessary to go by boat when an exciting beach landing would occur and then followed by a long, steep, narrow climb to the housing and site area above. Fortunately, for the most part, helicopters from the U.S. Navy base at Point Mugu and the U.S. Marine Corps Air Station at El Toro came to our aid and patiently and efficiently flew a wide assortment of gear, supplies and personnel back and forth to the island. We were certainly grateful for the splendid, competent crews and administrative personnel whose cheerful and generous cooperation saved us much precious time for carry-



ing on the scientific work and rescued us from many back-breaking hours that otherwise would have been spent trudging up and down the coastal cliffs, lugging hundreds of pounds of materials up to the site and living quarters.

The living quarters! Picture the old Lester home now: dilapidated, win-

dows broken, screens completely rusted, boards warped, doors off their hinges, shingles playing their cacophonies in the never-ceasing wind. Here, the hardy crew cleaned, swept, mended, boarded windows, hung doors, carried out many years' accumulations of squatters' trash, and made sleeping quarters in the long-



An Archeologist on San Miguel Island



TOP LEFT: The Navy helicopter from the U.S. Naval Air Station at Point Mugu makes its weekly visit to bring supplies.

BOTTOM LEFT: Dr. Charles Rozaire in hood screens on a very windy afternoon as George Kritzman shovels midden into the screen. The village site was only a short walk from the living quarters and kitchen-lab building.

BOTTOM MIDDLE: Phoebe Thirkield, anthropology major from Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. She is recording her field notes on the pit she has been excavating.

TOP RIGHT: Freddie Curtis, the author, sorting excavated materials in the laboratory.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Excavation work in progress at the site. Pit in foreground is staked out ready for excavation.

abandoned, sadly sagging edifice with its scampering, nocturnal, almost omnivorous white-footed mice. No running water, no gas or electricity, no modern sanitary facilities—only bed-rolls, lanterns, and the “outhouse.”

We used an old Navy structure near the ranch house as kitchen and labora-

tory. Here the cooks grappled with water in short supply, lack of fuel for the stoves, delay in the arrival of fresh food from the mainland when fog inhibited the arrival of the helicopter, and hungry, hungry diggers. Here I set up my lab to process the daily excavated material.

A cursory examination of the materials already collected indicates the singularly interesting adaptation these island people made to their marine environment. The large amounts of abalone and mussel shells show their dependence upon the ocean's resources at hand. The numerous fish and sea mammal bones, and the fishing tools indicate a technological know-how to procure protein foods from the deeper waters. The many stone tools, used in the processing of vegetal food and in the capture and utilization of land and sea fauna, still remain to be analyzed typologically. The non-utilitarian objects such as shell beads, stone ornaments, and possible ceremonial material, also await study.

Detailed analyses are planned for molluscan, bird, fish, and mammal remains. The final report should present a valuable commentary on the life of this village's inhabitants. The artifacts, together with large samples of the lithic, floral, faunal, and molluscan materials recovered, will remain with the Los Angeles County Museum. This collection will serve as valuable research material for all those interested in California archeology, as well as for those

concerned with adaptation of peoples to an island economy.

The barren island is not without charm. On its mouse-riddled surface grows a large variety of small flowering plants, cactus, and fragrant bushes; in the spring it is truly delightful. Once the clammy, earth-hugging fog has lifted and the head-protecting hood and gloves can be removed, the sun warms the air quickly. The ocean below sparkles, the nearly tame miniature fox comes to visit inquisitively, the fearless birds hop along nearly underfoot as you walk about the pits, and the hills and dunes beckon—until the afternoon fog rolls in again and chills the wind-swept air.

And the digging! Such black, black dirt! In a matter of minutes the soil from the shaking screens covers every exposed bit of skin, clogging the nostrils and ears and making goggles necessary for the eyes. The wind never stops blowing and one is always downwind from somebody else's shaking screens. Were there hot showers it would scarcely matter. But with water so terribly scarce, meal time sees the diggers dipping fingers into basins of already dusky-colored liquid and wiping them on already soiled towels.

The damp! Clothes seem never to dry. Even if the energy is available to make the long, steep trip down the dunes to the beach to bathe and wash clothes (after work, of course, or on Sunday), the damp seems to keep heavy levis, woolen socks and towels from ever really feeling dry. In the morning everything is damp and clothes are clammy to the touch. The solution: sleep in them, of course, or stuff them, wrinkled and dirty into the sleeping bag with you to keep them dry, and crawl back into them upon awakening.

A short week-end of such living conditions might be fun. But, it requires a great deal of dedication to go on day after day for weeks being dirty, feeling damp and earthy, and missing the newspapers, telephone, T.V., mail from home, and a balanced diet. It is to Dr. Rozaire's credit that, in spite of all the difficulties, foreseen and unforeseen, friction never developed, good humor prevailed, and the highest standards of excavation and laboratory analysis were always met.

Should another summer of excavation be done, we will all be glad to return and assist in the completion of the work.



ABOVE: *Rosemary Stern checks her luggage among everything piled outside waiting for the helicopters to take the expedition members and their gear back to the mainland after a month's work.*

LEFT: *Cuyler Harbor and Prince Island shrouded in fog. Abalone abound on the rocks at the east end of the harbor.*



ABOVE: *The crew of workers in front of the Ranch House on San Miguel Island.*

BELOW: *Dr. Charles Rozaire, Director of the site work, discusses the archeological work with Roberta Greenwood (Mrs. Lee Greenwood).*



A STRANGER IN PARADISE

Burt Reiner *Preparator*
History Division

Dominating the profuse greenery of the landscape surrounding the starkly exotic Alhambra in Granada is a fine specimen of *Sequoia sempervirens*. This natural ambassador from young Alta California which came to have a foster home in faraway Spain is among the unusual by-products of the intriguing Malaspina Expedition of 1791. Its reputed transplanter, the Bohemian naturalist, Tadeo Haenke, served aboard the *Atrevida* in the retinue of another adopted son of Spain, Italian-born Alejandro Malaspina.

Within a brief two-week period, Captain Malaspina and Captain Jose Bustamente y Guerra, co-commanders of the *Descubierta* and *Atrevida*, respectively, surveyed and investigated rather intensively much of early Spanish California. This overly neglected expedition has only of late begun to receive its proper due as one of the major achievements in California exploration. The Los Angeles County Museum's small, permanent exhibit, *Malaspina in California*, is visible evidence of the interest shown by the community of scholars and public at large in Malaspina's visitation.

The brilliantly crafted scale model of the *Atrevida*, recently installed in the California Gallery of the Museum, will undoubtedly stimulate its viewers to heightened interest. This meticulously fashioned replica was commissioned in 1961 through funds made available by the former Museum Association. The enthusiastic intercession of Professor Donald C. Cutter in behalf of the project was also an indispensable aid. Dr. Cutter's study, *Malaspina In California*, published by John Howell in 1960, was the first large scale treatment of the historic exploration, hitherto given scant reference in the standard histories of California.



It was with some understandable anxiety, on that November afternoon in 1963, that Ruth I. Mahood, Chief Curator of History, confronted the newly arrived package from distant Madrid. The long trip and the long wait, how-

ever, proved to be worth it, for the Spanish modelmaker, M. Monmeneu, had done his work with obvious skill and fidelity. The only other two likenesses of the *Atrevida* are presently located in the Oakland Museum and the Museo Naval of Madrid. Captain Julio Guillén, director of the latter institution, rendered the necessary specifications that enabled the Los Angeles County Museum to obtain a copy.

The model has dimensions approximating a ratio of one to forty-eight. If one observes closely some of the little figurines stationed along the topdeck he will notice a representation of the aforementioned scientist, Haenke, peering intently at a California plant; near the bow is the quartermaster taking a sight with his trusty quadrant; and conspicuously attired and imperiously posed is none other than Captain Alejandro Malaspina himself. The extremely fragile model is largely constructed from lightweight Spanish woods, which makes its transmarine journey to the far side of the Western Hemisphere all the more remarkable. But perhaps, after all, this fortunate acquisition was no more charmed than the successful transportation, 172 years earlier, of that precious seed or sapling which gave rise to the California redwood, standing proudly, on the sloping hill in old Granada.

ABOVE: *The Atrevida*

BELOW: *Detail from model of Atrevida shows the Bohemian naturalist, Tadeo Haenke, at work aboard ship.*





From VIRGINIA & N. CAROLINA TO THE INDIAN TERRITORY



John Dewar *Assistant Curator of California History*

Modest objects comprise the bulk of a museum's collection. However small and unimposing many of these may appear at first glance, it is apparent that in order to exist at all they must have been cared for and saved by someone. Any number of reasons can account for their survival: sentimental attachment, curiosity, a link with the past and one's ancestry, an appreciation of beauty or craftsmanship. The debt we owe to all who have acted as guardians of what now represents our heritage is incalculable.

If at times it seems that their existence is due to a fortuitous set of accidents, we need only recall the myriad of Indian baskets—brittle at best—which

have been preserved in pristine condition. Pioneer women, themselves versed in the ways of making things slowly, beautifully, were often those who sensed the value of these utensils and collected them out of an appreciation of their artistry.

A history exhibit of the American frontier speaks eloquently of the resourcefulness of the women who made a home in the wilderness. From the products of their hands and the tools with which they worked, we can read the saga of a people and see the beginnings of the technology which enriches our lives today.

Recently, the History Division became the recipient of one such token.

Although modest in itself, it nevertheless is valuable for the story which it tells. Mrs. Ann N. Brown telephoned the Museum to inform us that she had several picture frames which she wished to donate. When the frames were called for, she mentioned that among her heirlooms was an old quilt the Museum might be able to use. Quilts are undeniably beautiful objects; however, being abundant, they pose many storage problems. Therefore, many must be rejected. She assured us that this was no ordinary example. As the conversation turned from quilts to bedspreads to hand-woven textiles, she remembered another family memento. From a small packet, she unfolded and spread out six



TOP LEFT: Courthouse, Virginia. Photo about 1890-1900. TOP CENTER: Spinning wheel stick, about 1684, from home of Andrew Wiggins Stratham, New Hampshire. MIDDLE CENTER: Map of Oklahoma showing Indian Territory, 1857. MIDDLE RIGHT: Crossed Dimity. Weave a diamond straight . . . Tramp it two to the right and two to the left and then cross a diamond. These pages were probably taken from an old book for practicing penmanship as the reverse is covered with the caution: "Remember well and bear in mind a trusty friend is hard to find." BOTTOM CENTER: North Carolina plantation home. From Harper's Monthly Magazine, Vol. 14, 1857. BOTTOM RIGHT: Hand-woven coverlet, red, white, blue, and green geometrical design with "pine tree" border. New Wilmington, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania.

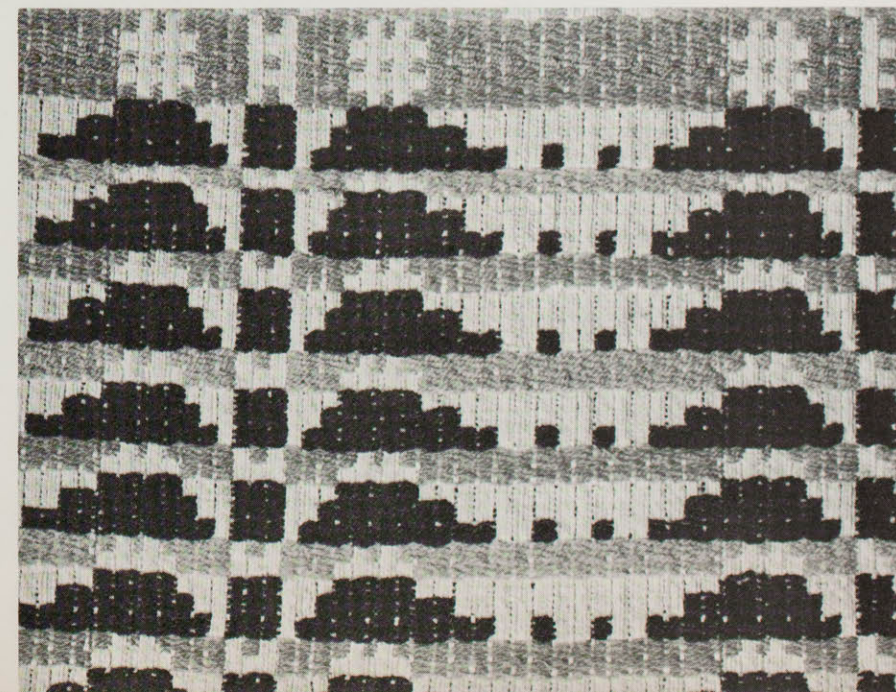
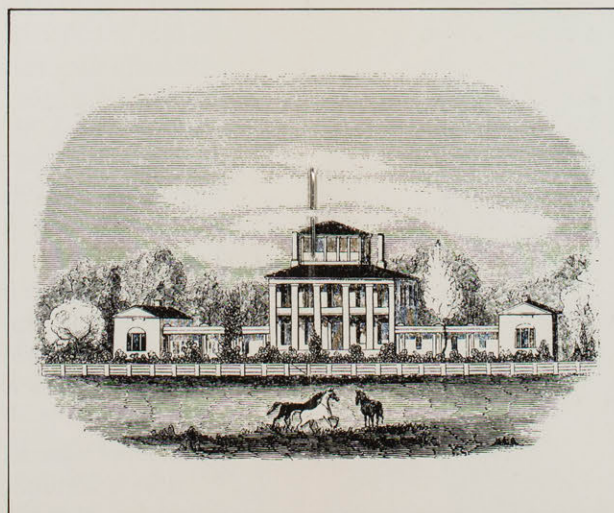
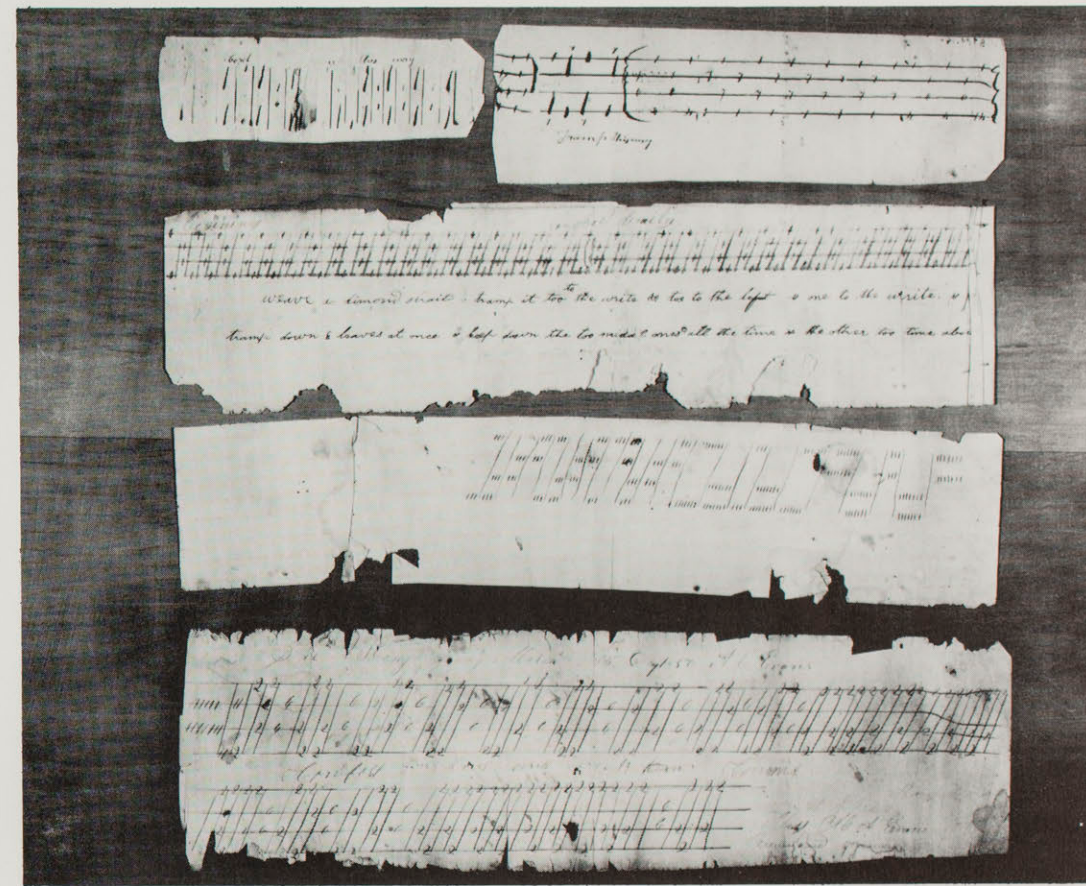
small, worn strips of paper with designs on them in brown ink. These were patterns — recipes, if you like — for the weaving of material. Her family had brought them along when they moved from North Carolina to the Cherokee Nation in the Indian Territory. While these are dated 1850, they undoubtedly trace their origin to Virginia from where her family stemmed. Recognizing the importance of these items for a museum, and assured of their preservation and documentation, Mrs. Brown very generously presented them to the History Division.

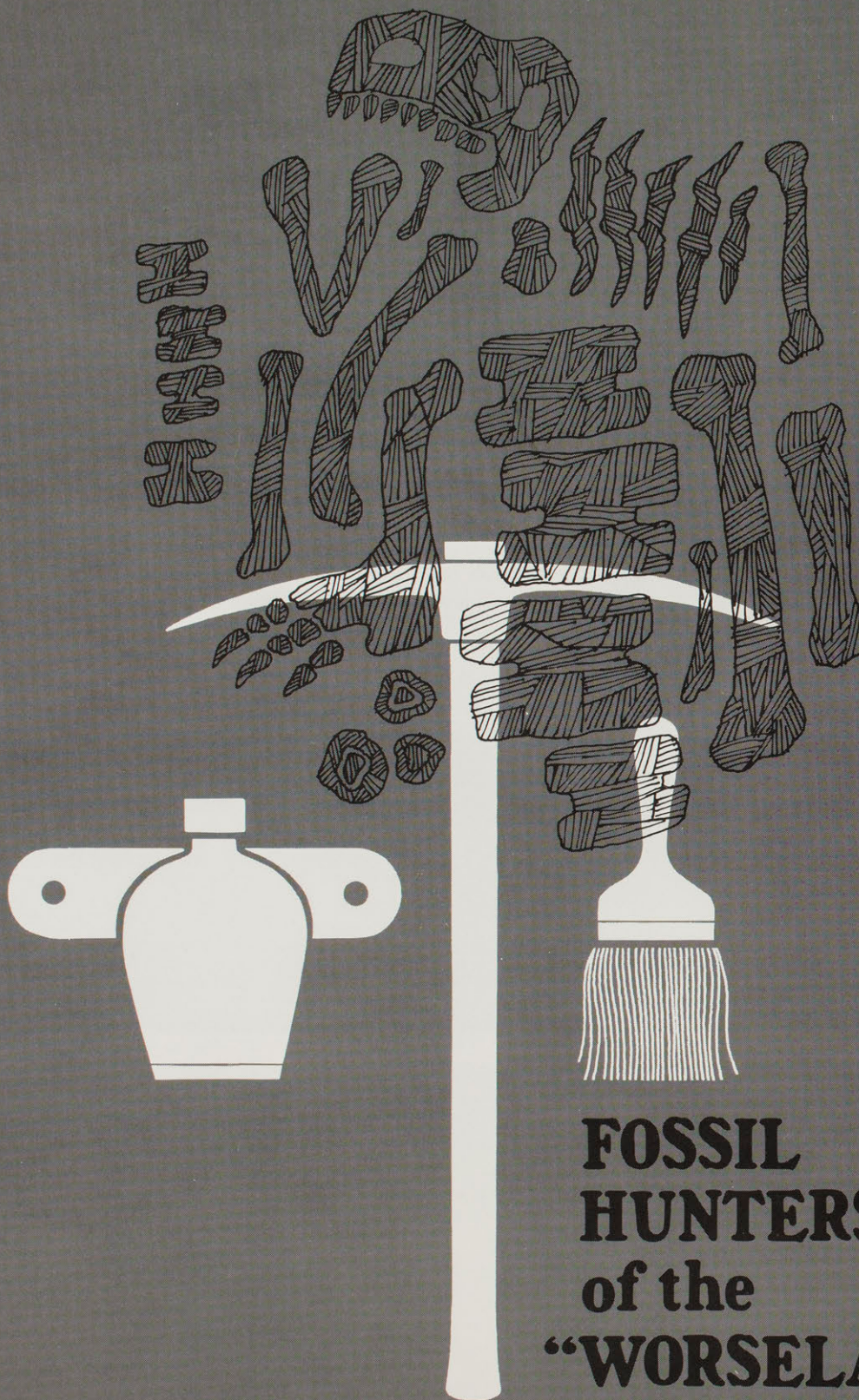
During the Colonial period, the women wove all the textiles used by the family. With the industrialization of the early Republic a great deal of this material was supplied by the manufacturers. This resulted in the neglect of the home crafts. The Civil War, in addition to destroying factories, exhausted the purchasing power of both the South and the Midwest. Out of their storage places were brought the looms and the old spinning wheels, the swifts and reels. The women again took to the handwork or awaited the arrival of an itinerant weaver. It is doubtful whether many looms, large and unwieldy as they are, were brought West by wagon, but they could easily be hewn out of the walnut

and oak that grew in the Midwest.

Without doubt, the hand-woven coverlet, or bedspread, was the most important product of the hand crafts and it became a thoroughly rural American expression. These were woven from earliest Colonial time well up into the nineteenth century. The patterns which were used to set up the loom in order to weave a design were recorded on paper—often with all the appearance of cryptic signs—and were called "drafts." These were passed about in much the same way as recipes from the kitchen. Like all true folk expressions, they were changed from time to time as more creative weavers added variations. Some of the designs were conventional and bore such names as *Cat Tracks* or *Dog Tracks*. A few were quite complex with central motifs and elaborate borders. Generally, they are fairly complicated designs, not necessarily realistic, but bearing such descriptive names as *Muscadine Hulls*, *Bonaparte's Retreat*, or *Missouri Trouble*. Two of the papers in Mrs. Brown's collection are titled *The King Fancy March* and *Crossed Dimity*.

These fragile, precious bits of paper will eventually take their deserved place in a gallery as another touchstone to recreate the past.





**FOSSIL
HUNTERS
of the
“WORSELANDS”**



The "worselands," the author up—

Douglas J. Macdonald

Huddled in the Scout field car among tools, water cans and lunch, the fossil hunters eyed the steep, narrow road bulldozed into the face of the cliff. Some of our party elected to walk down the "switchback" with no turn-arounds. The car crept down slowly, nose first, then tail first, forward and backward, until it reached the valley floor and made its way along the tortuous, badly bulldozed path which led to the base camp from which we would operate.

We were in the heart of the Badlands, or the "worselands," as they had been renamed by members of Dr. J. R. Macdonald's party who had visited Badlands National Monument. They declared that the twisted, eroded gullies where we hunted fossils were more devastated than any the average tourist sees.

The valley, narrow at its beginning, opened out to a width of about half a mile. Back and forth across it meandered a wide stream, dry at this August time of year, with ten-foot high banks that defied easy crossing. On each side

of the valley, vertical cliffs towered over a gnarled jumble of ravines and dry washes whose cracked and crumbling walls showed the ravages of the forces which gave them birth.

From the buffalo grass on top of the cliffs to the red clays on the valley floor, we saw a cross-section of 30 million years of elapsed time. Banded in well-defined zones of gray, buff and reds, deposited over a specific period of time, each cliff contained fossils in greater or lesser degree.

I was in the wild country of South Dakota at the invitation of Dr. J. R. Macdonald, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology, and no relation. As a volunteer worker in his Section at the Los Angeles County Museum, I had long looked forward to such an opportunity and substituted the trip for my summer vacation.

Dr. Macdonald met me at the Rapid City, S.D., airport, drove me southeast for 75 miles to Sharp's Corner. Just past there, down a country lane, was the "camp"—a small farmhouse in the

middle of half an acre of tree-studded lawn complete with electricity, indoor plumbing, and the hottest water in the county. Instead of the pup tents I expected, four-man tents stood in three of the corners of the property and were inhabited by members of the party who were sensitive to snoring. Passing myself off as a stone-deaf snorer, I was billeted indoors in the parlor.

The area in which we worked is part of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, now the home of the Oglalla Sioux, in southwestern South Dakota just above the Nebraska border. The beautiful, desolate country has a strange, agonized life of its own, interacting with the elements. In summer it is seared by the sun, tormented by the wind, gnawed by the rains. Winter's searching fingers of ice probe its weaknesses and tear at the land until gravity pulls it down and raging flash floods, intermittently scouring the twisted gullies, wash it away. These wounds expose new surfaces, new fossils, fated for similar relentless erosion in the spreading badlands.

Over the past decade, Dr. Macdonald has explored hundreds of square miles of Reservation, hardly changed from the days when Sioux ranged the rolling, grassy plains and pine-clad mountains. Here the great Chiefs, Red Cloud and Crazy Horse, led their war parties against the troops of the United States Army. Only twenty miles from our camp was the site of the Wounded Knee Massacre. Survivors of that terrible winter day fled into these badlands before their final surrender.

From the headquarters of the Tribal Council, governing body of the Sioux, located in the small town of Pine Ridge, Dr. Macdonald had received permission to explore the Reservation. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Horncloud and his many friends among the Sioux extended our group every courtesy.

The numerical strength of the field party rose and fell throughout the summer. Dr. Macdonald, his son, Phil, and Mr. Harley Garbani of San Jacinto, formed its core. Mr. Leonard Bessom, Senior Preparator of Vertebrate Paleontology, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hume-ston, and Mrs. Garbani visited the camp. Miss Laurie Bryant and Mr. Steve Wright, college students from the Los Angeles area, and I, completed the group.

During a typical day, we arose at 6 a.m., breakfasted, assembled our gear, and bounced across country in our four-wheel drive vehicles. We arrived "on location" about 7:30 and were back at camp about 5 p.m. After supper we wrapped and recorded the fossils we had found. The more fragile specimens, which might not have withstood the trip to Los Angeles wrapped in Wall Street Journals, were set aside for plaster jacketing in our spare time. Eight o'clock usually found us in bed and glad of it! However, after I returned home, it took me a week or so to stop falling asleep whenever "bedtime" rolled around.

Field procedure during my stay had been well-established. Two of us were assigned to comb the ravines in a specified area. Two others dug and jacketed the fossils located, and the remaining couple set off to search for other likely areas in the valley so the whole process could be repeated. Thus very little acreage was missed and, we told ourselves, few important fossils were overlooked.

Being an old fossil of 43 myself, I

was assigned to the intense-search group, not being considered hale enough to dig in the hot sun, a decision with which I found no quarrel. To break in properly, I tagged along with Harley Garbani whose reputation as a "bone finder" was so awesome that we were sure he could find fossils on the Los Angeles freeways if someone would divert traffic for a while.

He and I had a brief conference each morning to select the network of channels and ravines that looked most promising to us. At first I stayed with him to learn the tricks of fossil hunting, but we soon separated in order to cover the greatest amount of ground. Having been a rockhound for many years, my eyes were fairly well-trained to pick out objects that differed from their surroundings—the texture and curve of a partially buried bone or the glisten of a tooth protruding from a nodule of hard clay. Practice made it easy to discriminate between the more obvious fossils and the country rock. But when the going got tough and the fossils few, it was Harley who spotted the subtle differences that led to some of the best finds.

Harley Garbani contemplates his first Plesiosaur



With so much ground to cover in our allotted time, we paced along, scanning the ground and sloping banks for traces of bone. Upon finding a fragment, we carefully explored the area above it, looking for the trail of skeletal parts that we hoped would lead us to the skull of the animal. Complete skeletons are best but the skull is of particular importance. From it the trained paleontologist can deduce much about its former owner, viz. brain capacity, head conformation, eating habits.

For several days we sought, found, dug and jacketed fossils, and hauled them up the face of the cliff to be added to the ever-growing pile of specimens on the back porch of the farmhouse. The area was so fossiliferous that Dr. Macdonald eventually, in the interest of time and space, instructed us to bring in only the finest specimens. Each piece had to be examined carefully to make sure that we were not passing up any rarities. At the start, I collected a good many more rarities than anyone else. These were carefully eliminated from the permanent collection during the evening census. As I learned more, my prizes became fewer but more desirable. An abundance of specimens was a pleasant change from trips where a cigar box full of miscellaneous parts could represent an entire summer's work.

To keep from going stale, we took trips to other locations that represented different periods and formations. A likely piece of ground lay a mile or so off the road outside the Reservation—possibly an outcropping of Pierre Shale. This dates back to Cretaceous times when the whole area lay under the great sea that covered the future site of the Rocky Mountains and Great Plains, extending from the Gulf of Mexico into the Arctic Circle.

We took off across country toward this sterile gray mound. It covered little more than ten acres, and was surfaced with crumbling shale that became blacker, damper, and more solidified as we dug into it. A few rain-channeled gullies drained down to the surrounding grasslands. We quickly realized that we stood on ground that had not been checked over scientifically. Roy Chapman Andrews had fired my imagination about the virgin Gobi Desert. Now we had found our own small "first," unexplored and unreported.



The remains of many large specimens, thrusting up through the soil, were slowly being dismantled by the elements and infrequent wandering animals. Here lay a Mosasaur, there a Plesiosaur. A chain of small vertebrae disappeared into the hillside. We found jaws of small fish, a flattened turtle skull, more Mosasaurs and a *Portheus*, an ancient fish whose dimensions would make an honest man of the most extravagant fisherman. This treasure trove of marine remains had probably been the bottom of a shallow sea where bodies of dead creatures had settled into the silt to begin the long, mineralizing wait for our picks and brushes.

Although the party had come to the Badlands primarily in search of Miocene mammals, such a collecting opportunity could not be ignored. We devoted a couple of days to exposing and jacketing the best of the remains. Since some of the bone groups were extensive, it was a big project to construct and manhandle the heavy masses of plastered shale.

I was given the task of uncovering the *Portheus*, and it soon became apparent that I was working on the south end of a northbound fish. The fins of the tail were missing; otherwise the skeleton was complete. A bank rose sharply above it which meant considerable digging. With a storm threatening, after I had exposed about four feet (an estimated ten or twelve feet of fish re-

mained under tons of damp shale), we decided to let it rest in peace until another day. True to fishing tradition—you should have seen the one that got away! We shellacked it, covered it with newspapers, reburied it, and marked its location on our maps. Perhaps some day we'll go back for it. Meanwhile, if you have something you'd like to swap for a nice, buried *Portheus*. . . .

As the days went by, Dr. Macdonald rotated the party among the various formations about the countryside. We explored the Rosebud Formation, which is fairly recent, extending back some twenty million years. Fossils are relatively rare in this zone, and therefore whatever we found was usually significant and a vivid reminder that all locations are not as productive as the "worselands."

We visited numerous exposures of the Sharp's Formation, working nodule-covered slopes in blinding sunlight or



"... all ages,
in various
regalia."

coursing through deep, shady canyons, examining their steep walls for fossils. The Sharp's is a very productive zone in which Dr. Macdonald has a special interest because he defined and named it.

Holiday in Town

To give us a break from the daily routine, Dr. Macdonald declared a holiday and took us all down to the town of Pine Ridge to see some of the activities at the annual Sun Dance. Visitors are welcome, but this is not a "tourist attraction" as such. The ceremonies are ancient and deeply rooted in Sioux tradition. We arrived on the last day of the celebration in time to see a short parade of simple but effective floats depicting events from local history; some riders in Sioux regalia and a cattle drive through the center of town.

The dancing took place the same evening in a large circular corral. Spectators sat in a ring-shaped structure roofed with freshly cut pine boughs. Long streamers of colored cloth flew from the topmost and only branches left on a tall, slender tree in the center of the arena. Floodlights on poles illuminated the scene.

The ceremonies began when groups of four or five Indians entered the arena and, under numbered signs, squatted around the large drum that each group had brought with it. Then more and more Indians, of all ages and in varying styles of native dress, gathered about the entrance. When the Master of Ceremonies called over the public address system for the "Number One Singers" to begin, a high-pitched, undulating chant arose from the group under the numeral One, accompanied by a steady beating on their drum.

The ring began to fill with leaping and gesticulating males—first the small boys, then the young men followed by the old men, each interpreting the steps of traditional Indian dances in the manner that suited him best. The mass of male dancers slowly flowed around the outer portion of the arena in a counter-clockwise direction as the women and girls formed a wide ring about the center pole, circling clockwise in a rhythmic, bouncing shuffle. After seven or eight minutes, the dancers gradually massed about the singers. Suddenly the singing stopped and most of the participants retired from the ring or stood around its circumference. A few small

children hopped about in imitation of their elders.

Each group of singers took its turn at the chant. There were no war whoops, but the skirling wails of the huddled men knifed through the arena. Although unintelligible to us, apparently the groups competed to see who could evoke the strongest emotion from the dancing Indians. Our seats were directly behind the Number 5 Singers who appeared to us to be the most popular. They drew the most dancers into the ring, and the Indians pressed close about them, intent on their wild song.

Some of the boys and young men wore breech clouts, arm and leg decorations, and paint on their faces and bodies. Some wore full regalia—fringed buckskin jackets and trousers, beaded moccasins, and flowing eagle-feather headdress.

Most of the women wore beaded headbands and calf-length dresses of cloth or soft skins. Everyone took the dancing seriously, especially one very old man who proceeded about the ring in a highly stylized dance, his steps short and precise, his movements studied and certain. His manner bespoke dignity and wisdom and in his eyes shone memories of all the dances in his long life.

We knew that the dancing would continue for many hours and that the next day we had to return early to the field. Around ten o'clock we headed for Sharp's Corner, driving through the dark prairie night, silent and impressed. We had come for entertainment but left with new understanding of long past dances around other campfires when hostile braves gathered their courage for the next day's battle.

The "#5" singers drew the biggest crowd. . . .



August was wearing away and with it my vacation. The day came when I regretfully packed up my gear and returned to Los Angeles. For two more weeks the field group devoted time to prospecting for new locations and marked several promising areas on the maps for future expeditions. Then it was finished. The camp was cleaned up and the fossils, tools and personal gear were somehow stowed away in the vehicles. Experimental beards were shaved for the return to civilization.

In his field trips to the Wounded Knee area during ten years, Dr. Macdonald has found and described thus far between 25 and 30 heretofore unknown animals—an important addition to the sum total of man's knowledge of the life of the past. Stripped of their formidable scientific names (some in Sioux as well as Latin), the creatures discovered include a frog, small lizards, several sorts of beavers, rabbits, and members of the rodent family. In addition there were horses, pigs, tiny deer-like animals, carnivores (including a small sabre-toothed cat), various sheep-sized animals not referable to familiar creatures, and two specimens of a small primate which Dr. Macdonald named after his son, Phil.

For me the trip had been intensely interesting. I learned field methods which will assist me in future work. Because I now know a little more about fossils, my volunteer work should be of more value to the Museum. To other members of the Alliance who passed up Reid Macdonald's invitation (Summer 1964, Quarterly) "to visit a fossil camp," I say, "You should have taken him up on it!"

Mrs. Lawrence E. Irell, Membership Chairman for the Alliance Board of Directors, is responsible for the presentation of this article. It was her wish that more of the members meet Miss Libow and know the variety of work she handles in their interest. This was not an editorial decision of the Editor's.

You wouldn't believe it

(Meet Miss Libow)

by Susan Barrett

It took Lucille about three weeks to make up her mind to take the job. A museum might be a dead place to work and she detests inactivity, being the kind of person who functions best with projects and problems. Finally, however, after considerable thought and with high hopes she became the Executive Committee Secretary (a newly formed position) for the Museum Association, bringing with her a background of training in semi-scientific work and a strong personal interest in the aesthetics. For years before this her leisure time had been spent in drawing and sculpture classes. This the Committee members knew. What they did not know was that the intelligent red-haired young woman whom they had hired possessed, along with charm and decisiveness, an alert, dry sense of humor, and the ability to excel in the art of adaptability. What she didn't know was that she had gotten herself into a job with many facets of interest which she could develop into endless activities.

Soon, Miss Libow caught a glimpse of the excitement when Carl Dentzel presented plans for a program series first called "Invitation to Enjoy." This

was the sort of future she could anticipate with a wide range of activities from copy and printing, to volunteers and receptions. Her office became the focal point for numerous calls connected with the Museum, all important and always needing immediate attention.

In 1956 when Miss Libow came to the Museum, Mrs. Signa Broline had been Membership Secretary for many years. Then the work consisted of a year round telephone solicitation and was



carried out by Mrs. Broline with two part time assistants. In 1945 the membership was around 200 and by 1956 it had grown to 4300. Arriving in 1956 Miss Libow undertook to reorganize the office after making an Association sponsored survey of several museum membership offices in the San Francisco Bay area. In October 1957 Miss Libow formally took the post of Executive Secretary. Among her first tasks was the planning and execution of more efficient office procedures to meet the needs of the large and growing membership—also means of replacing the outmoded and costly telephone solicitation when Mrs. Broline resigned.

Miss Libow has served under five presidents since 1956: Mrs. Mary Tinglof, Mrs. Stuart E. Weaver, Jr., Mr. Hoyt B. Leisure, Mr. A. Raborn Phillips, Jr., and now Mr. Thomas Wolfe. Each has been an entirely different personality and an abrupt change in working patterns has been called for in each transition. Lucille serves as the continuing force in a group staffed by volunteers who are constantly changing.

When Mrs. Telford W. Oswald became the volunteer editor of the Mu-

seum Association QUARTERLY in 1957 Lucille began working with her as the quasi-production manager of the publication—"a thoroughly delightful learning experience," she recalls. Then in the fall of 1962 she became the Editor of the QUARTERLY—coordinating editorial work with the Curators, working with designers, staff writers, editors, photographers and printers. This was in addition to her existing responsibilities for other printed materials necessary for the Museum Alliance. Board Member, Harry Pack, has been her constant co-worker on these publication projects.

In December 1962 with the split in the Museum membership Lucille became the Executive Secretary of the newly formed Museum Alliance (then Science & History Alliance) of the Los Angeles County Museum, the post she presently occupies. Her personal desire to continue the broad scope of membership work with family programs and children's events pushed her toward the Museum Alliance even though her love for the arts made the Art Museum program tempting.

The planning of these events brings her into close contact with the volunteers working with the Alliance Board.



This relationship with the vital and active minds found on the committee is one of the most rewarding parts of her job. "Committee members come from many walks of life, but have essentially one thing in common—a more than average degree of success. This is stimulating."

She was the tireless administrator of the many details of the first charter flight to Europe in September 1962 before the division in the Museum. She is the budget watcher of our finances and the coordinator of the many activities of the membership. It was she who supervised the split in membership when the Alliance and Art Museum groups were organized. To process the membership during this split proved a challenge and a headache. A brilliant indication of the care and tact used during these months is indicated by the fact that the Alliance retained over forty percent of the former Association membership and is now registering a roster of over 5400.

Miss Libow has run four charter flights for the Alliance, personally participating in two of them. In the work on the one last October she accrued four weeks of overtime which she is hard pressed to find time to use. Flights five and six are now well along in the organizational stages. Her steady friend and co-worker on these has been Mr. Thomas Freear of the Alliance Board.

There has been measurable success in the Lecture programs as well as the uniquely successful "New Dimensions to Delight" events, both of which owe thanks to Lucille's efforts. Each of these involves development of programs, copy for announcements and ticketing. This year Miss Libow is fortunate to have the assistance of Miss Marjorie Goodwin, a senior music student at the University of Southern California. In ticketing for thousands there has been an error factor of less than one percent. Also Miss Lorraine Jendis, Miss Libow's office assistant since last August, is a much needed addition to this busy office in handling the telephone and continuing details of membership.

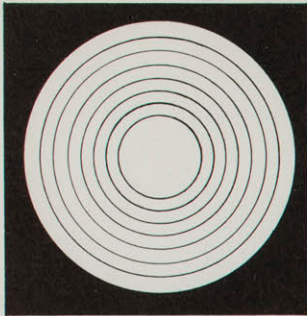
Although Lucille has never stated a preference, by the twinkle in her eyes at the mention of the Grey Whale trips, it's highly possible this is one of her favorite ventures. As a keen outdoor enthusiast she never fails to point out the beauties of these sailings and the totally unexpected, enormous member response to watching whales.

That's the way it goes at the Museum Alliance. She never knows from Monday morning until the final Friday afternoon windup what will happen. It's a taxing, absorbing—satisfying job for Miss Libow and one upon which she obviously thrives. "So many of our members are such nice people," she says.



Under the full weight of a back-pack for the first time, Labor Day '64.





MUSEUM SPOTLIGHT

WARREN SCHWEITZER

Mr. Warren H. Schweitzer has been appointed Museum Education Specialist in the field of history in the Division of Education. He replaces Dr. John Baur, who is on leave of absence, teaching at San Fernando Valley State College.

At present Mr. Schweitzer is scheduling and working with the school classes which visit the Museum daily and directing the History Workshop on Saturdays.

During the war Mr. Schweitzer was in the U.S. Navy Hospital Corps and also worked in the field of optics. He majored in history and psychology and prepared for a teaching career at Marquette University in Milwaukee. He moved his family to California in September 1963 and has been teaching in junior high school while working toward his graduate degrees. He may become a permanent member of the Education Division staff in August 1965.



Warren H. Schweitzer

GIFTS

An important collection of 32 archeological items has been presented to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Furst. Comprising mainly pottery, the collection includes examples from Mexico and the southwestern United States. Especially significant are the pieces from south of the border which will fill several gaps in the proposed Hall of Pre-Columbian Archeology.

Mr. Furst, who is a member of the Museum Alliance Board of Directors, has also arranged for his collection of some 300 Meso-American materials to be placed on loan in the Museum during his year-long stay in Mexico while writing his doctoral dissertation.

A significant collection of South Pacific materials has been given to the Museum by Mrs. Ernestine White of Canoga Park. Comprising some 400 items, the collection was made near the turn of the century by the late Rear Admiral Perceval S. Rossiter, Surgeon General, United States Navy, and Mrs. White's father, during his tours of duty in the Pacific Ocean. Most of the objects and items are from Samoa, with a scattering of materials from the Philippines, Melanesia, Fiji, and a few from South America.

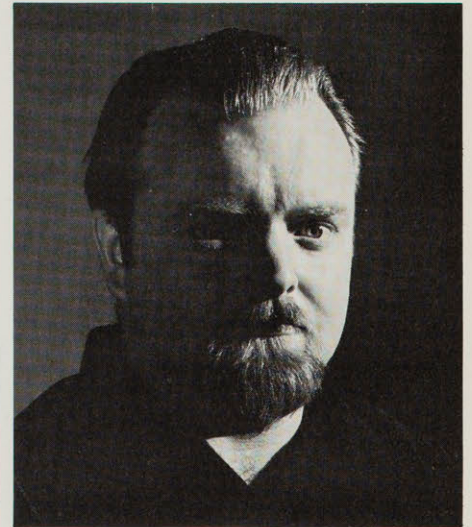
Most interesting of the items is a dress made of tapa cloth (the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree beaten into a textile) in European style before 1900 and alleged to have been worn by a Samoan princess. Other tapa cloth items are woven matting, wall hangings and clothing. The collection also includes many objects of carved wood—ceremonial kava bowls, war clubs, models of outrigger canoes and what was believed by Admiral Rossiter to be a "long pig" (human flesh) serving dish.

NEW HISTORY PREPARATOR

Mr. William M. Mason has been appointed preparator in the History Division. Formerly Mr. Mason was associated with the Museum as a student professional worker.

A native Angeleno, his principal academic concern centers about the place of his birth: with an almost lifelong study of the history of this area during the Spanish, Mexican and early Amer-

ican periods. Mr. Mason received his B.A. and M.A. degrees from U.C.L.A. and recently did much of the ground-work for the U.C.L.A. Mexican-American Project, 1964-65. He is co-author of a scholarly work, *The Romero Expeditions*, published in 1962 by the Palm Springs Desert Museum.



William M. Mason

NEW PUBLICATION PROGRAM

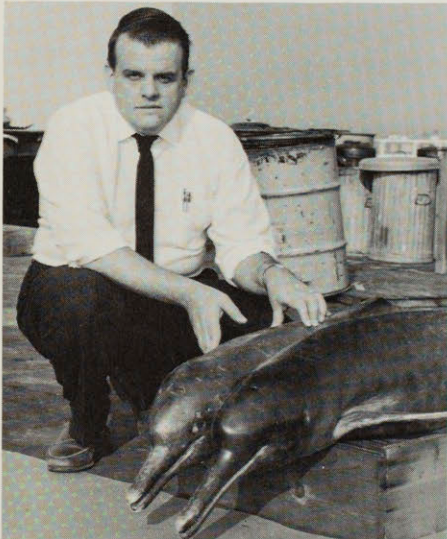
Inaugurating an ambitious new publications program, the History Division announces the recent completion of a guide and catalogue to its California Hall. This 8½" x 11", soft cover publication of approximately 160 pages, was printed by the highly respected Los Angeles printing firm, the Ward Ritchie Press. Entitled *California: The Dream of Paradise*, it includes a listing of all the exhibited items (close to 500) with descriptive text by Russell E. Belous; a 32,000 word historical commentary on California by Burton A. Reiner, (both of the History Division) and an introduction by Dr. John Walton Caughey of UCLA. This publication is the first *Bulletin* in the new series of History *Bulletins* and *Contributions*. Future *Bulletins*, numbered consecutively, will consist of large monographs, collected articles and catalogues — with broad popular appeal. Other professional historical studies of a more specialized nature will occasionally be gathered in papers, which will be called *Contributions*.

Dr. Herbert Friedmann, Director of the Museum, believes these two new series will prove to be stimuli to creative and original work in the fields of California and Western history.

PRIMITIVE WHALES COME TO THE MUSEUM

The Marine collections of the Museum have recently been enriched by the acquisition of several complete specimens of the primitive Amazon dolphin. While most people are familiar with marine porpoises and dolphins, many do not realize that there are a few species in other parts of the world which are completely restricted to fresh water. The two pictured animals came to the Museum from the upper reaches of the Amazon river, and while they are comparatively common in their native habitat, they are still quite rare in North American museums.

Dr. David K. Caldwell, Curator of Ichthyology, who is pictured with the dolphins, recently received a grant from the American Philosophical Society to continue his studies on these unusual small whales which he began in 1956 before coming to the Museum.



CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWER EXHIBIT

"California Wild Flowers in Art and in Bloom," an unusual exhibition will open on May 1 at the Museum. A display of native flowers complementing the exhibit of paintings by Sidney Armer will be arranged each Saturday and Sunday during the month of May.

This is the sixth annual display of California wild flowers sponsored by Dr. Bonnie C. Templeton, Curator of Botany, and will be featured by the Alliance's New Dimension to Delight program on May 22. The native flowers are provid-

ed by the Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden.

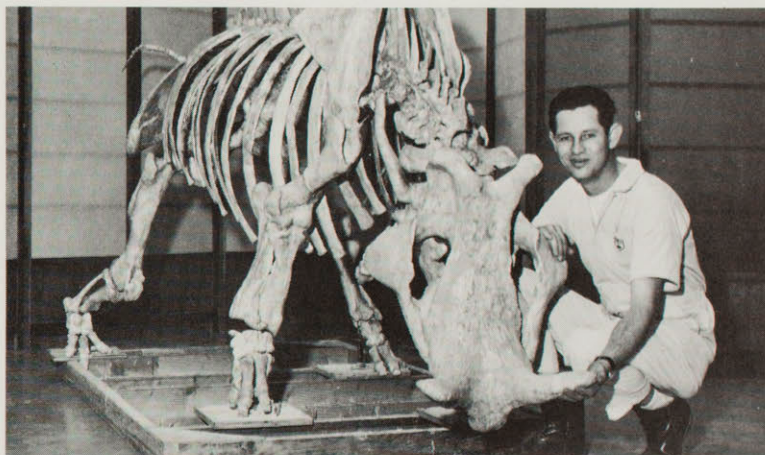
Paintings by Sidney Armer, often called the "Audubon of the Wild Flowers" were also exhibited in 1962 and are being shown again by popular request. The paintings are exquisite, life-like renderings in natural size and are scientifically accurate.

Special weekend events will highlight the exhibit. Both Dr. Templeton who organized the event and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Curator of Watts Gallery, Compton, Surrey, England will be featured.

ANCIENT FOSSIL ON DISPLAY

Floyd Humeston, Museum Preparator, is shown with the skeleton of a 35-million-year-old *Brontotherium* or Thunderbeast from the Oligocene beds of northeastern Colorado. This skeleton,

recently prepared for exhibit by Mr. Humeston, will be the center piece of the projected Oligocene habitat group in the new Cenozoic or fossil mammal hall.



MINERALS OF MANY LANDS

Many newly acquired minerals are presently on display near the Main Floor entrance. Included in the exhibit is the finest group of Nobleite crystals ever found at Death Valley, one of the largest Columbite crystals discovered in

Mozambique, a gem quality jade boulder from Burma, and an exceptionally fine Manganese Nodule from the deep sea floor of the Pacific Ocean. Other rare specimens represent mineral localities from Europe, Asia, and Australia.



"Shooting Star" by Sidney Armer
(*Dodecatheon Hendersonii*)

Los Angeles County Museum
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